

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WONDERLAND! The very name conjures visions of everything out of the ordinary rut, but it had nothing to do with the dream world of Lewis Carroll; nor was there ever an Alice to grace the scene.

It was the haunt of he-men. Its proximity to Dockland meant a fair sprinkling of seafaring men from all parts of the globe: thus, a fight at Wonderland would be the subject of conversation in Hong Kong, and in due course this Mecca of the padded-glove gladiator became known all over the world.

Just how it was given its name of Wonderland I have never been able to discover, but, now I come to think of it, there was a faint echo, in parody, of Lewis Carroll.

Remember the Queen with her oft-repeated cry of "Off with his head"? Well, at

Wonderland, the constant cry was "Knock his blankety block off." Much the same thing.

Saturday night was Wonderland night. If you were a stranger and chanced to be wandering down Whitechapel Road, going east, you would wonder what was afoot between seven and eight o'clock.

You would come upon a large crowd of men of all ages, and, if you peered close enough to observe, of all nationalities. The crowd would be waiting outside two large doors.

Strange, you might think; the doors are open, but few attempt to enter. They cannot all have come just to hear that man with the voice of a race-course bookmaker shouting "Five shillings, three-and-sixpence, two-and-six only."

LEADING YOU UP GARDEN-OF EDEN

POETS and social discontents are still sighing in print for an Eldorado, a Garden of Eden, where they can live the happy, unspoiled life, free from the conflict of the modern world.

Man lost his Biblical Eden. He has made many Edens since, and he has lost them all. Today we have only the vaguest records of where these Paradises were situated.

More than 11,000 years ago, Atlantis, the continent that vanished beneath the sea, afforded precious metals and fine woods. It possessed temples, palaces, harbours, canals, bridges and docks, castles with walls of bronze and copper... even swimming pools and race-courses.

It's all down in black and white in Plato. He got it from the barrister Solon, who had it in turn from the Egyptian high priests.

THE LOST CRADLE.

Lost Atlantis may have been the cradle of civilisation.

It may be the missing link between the Old World and the New, the strange swamped terrain—as large as Asia Minor and North Africa together, says Plato—that may have joined Egypt and ancient Mexico.

Pyramids are found in Egypt and Mexico and Yucatan. Engraved on both are strangely similar forms—birds and beasts and fishes.

Strong priesthoods exercised great power over the populace on both sides of the Atlantic. Embalming was practised by both the Egyptian and Mexican nations.

To both cats were sacred. The sign of the cross was revered in Mexico as well as ancient Egypt; they had each worked out a 365-day calendar.

Both nations were agricultural peoples, yet excelled in working metals, in carpentry and masonry, in ceramics and sculpture and painting.

The original name of the Aztec land was Aztlan, which may have been a form of the name Atlantis.

Add to this the world-wide tradition of the Flood and the circumstantial evidence becomes a strong argument.

"There occurred," says Plato, "violent earthquakes and floods and in a single day and night of rain all the men were in a body sunk into the earth."

ISLES OF THE BLEST.

Homer, too, wrote of the Isles of the Blest in the remote

western seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which to-day is Gibraltar. Maybe his isles were our West Indies. The Garden of Hesperides was believed to exist somewhere off the West Coast of Africa.

Bookworms, delving into the Celtic manuscripts of Irish mythology, have been startled to learn of "a land of eternal youth and joy, a city of fine palaces sunk beneath the Atlantic." More certain proofs of the existence of Atlantis are available to archaeologists and explorers of our day.

Geologists, relying on deep-sea soundings, have theorised that the Azores and Madeira are peaks of a mountain range that once stood high above the water level.

St. Paul's Island, St. Helena, and even Tristan da Cunha, may have been further peaks of a vast stretch of land. From Iceland to Lisbon, from Jamaica to the Cape Verde Islands, the entire Atlantic area has been subject from time to time to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Deep in the mountains of the Hoggar in the southern Sahara, an American mission has found grottoes covered with painted pictures of helmeted warriors.

Do they portray lost Atlanteans? Are the Tuaregs—with their fabulous queens—the last descendants?

Nearer home, around the Great Orme of North Wales, there are legends of a palace sunk beneath the sea.

The inhabitants, the story goes, were overwhelmed for their crimes, and only a harpist and a serving man escaped.

To this day the stretch of coast where they landed is known as the Place of Mourning.

WORLDS BELOW WATER.

It is said that stretches of wall are exposed at low tide.

Is it not possible that submarine archaeologists, scouring the ocean floor near the Azores, may yet bring to light evidence of the presence of a lost world? Such a scientific expedition is within practical bounds.

Not long ago the John Murray Oceanographic Expedition, voyaging in the Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean, obtained traces of submerged ridges and peaks that suggest there may be something in similar legends about Lemuria.

W. FAWCETT

BOXING RACKET IS SUICIDAL NOW

W. H. MILLIER HITS OUT AT PHONEY MANAGERS

This was the barker. His job was to shout out the prices of admission. He barked with monotonous regularity, but the crowd only moved to shuffle from one foot to the other.

TOFFS' ESCORT.

Perhaps a hansom cab would draw up, and out would step two sportsmen from another world. If they stepped right in to the pay-box, there would be a shout of "Sam!" and a tough-looking cove would marshal his ushers and say, "Coupla toffs. See 'em dahn," and the two "toffs" would be surrounded by an escort and bowed to their seats, right in the front row.

The necessity for the escort was twofold if the hour was late. Without it, no holder of a stall seat could fight his way alone through the crowd (clear gangways were unknown at Wonderland), and, even if he succeeded, he would learn sooner or later that his wallet had left his pocket somewhere en route.

Only the mugs, or newcomers, paid the advertised prices, or those first shouted by the barker.

When it became almost on starting time, and the seats for the most part remained empty, down would come the prices and in would go the crowd.

As the evening wore on there would perhaps be further reductions, and a few more of the poorer enthusiasts would enter to consume what remained of the breathable air.

TIGHT FIT.

I doubt if even the proprietor knew the exact holding capacity of the hall. There

were no returns for Inland Revenue in those days, as the entertainment tax had not been thought of at the time Wonderland was a going concern.

But if the normal seating capacity was round about 1,500, you can be sure that 4,000 persons had been packed in time and again.

At times the crowd would be so dense that if anyone fainted for lack of air he would remain on his feet, for the very good reason that it would be almost impossible for him to fall down.

Only once in my recollection did the promoter at last confess that not another person could be squeezed into the hall. The mere fact of having to refuse money was so painful to the promoter that he actually shed tears.

This was when Bombardier Billy Wells made his first and only appearance at Wonderland. It was the Bombardier's first professional fight, but he had been given such tremendous publicity that many more wanted to see him than could be packed into his hall, even with the expert packers employed.

The Underground Railway experts must have learned the art of packing crowds from the Wonderland packers!

That first appearance of Wells must have shown a handsome profit. His manager, Jim Moloney, had spent the greater part of three days trying to get a reasonable sum for his man, but he would have found it much easier to squeeze water out of a fire-brick.

Woolf would pay no more than eight pounds for an attractive star who caused such a crowd to turn up that quite as many were turned away as could be admitted to the hall.

The boxer who told Woolf that he was the meanest man alive was not far wrong, as far as I could see. There does appear to be some reason to believe that Providence never fails to level things in the long run.

The man who rides roughshod over his rivals in the hunt for gold is rarely permitted to enjoy his gains. Nemesis waits for him round the corner, and, from what I know of the lady, she always gets her man.

Bombardier Wells, as I have already mentioned, proved to be the biggest magnet the fight game has ever known. He could be depended upon to fill any hall; but, after his first experience of business dealings with Mr. Woolf, he would never again fight at Wonderland.

TO FIGHT THE WOLF.

Only a few of the champions had managers in those days, and the poor boxer was grievously exploited. He was paid barely enough to keep body and soul together, and was kept on such short commons that he had to fight or starve.

It was the treatment meted out by the Woolf that caused a meeting of boxers to be called to discuss ways and means of dealing with such monsters.

As a result of this meeting it was decided to form a boxers' union on trade union lines.

I daresay it will surprise many people to know that there was actually a boxers' trade union. I gave all the help I could in furthering this aim, and we had several meetings, at which we discussed all the various villainies that had to be cleared away, but we did not make much headway.

One or two champions promised their support, but, for the most part, the big fellows kept aloof and the poorer under-dog was left to carry on his own battle.

One or two small improvements in conditions were effected, but before any real progress could be made the union was broken up by the secretary clearing off with the union's funds. So that was that!



your mother-in-law, send their fondest love and good wishes.

All's well at home, and all are well and happy.

Good Hunting!

HIYA DADDY! A MESSAGE AND PHOTOS FOR P.O.

REGINALD CHAPMAN

WHEN this message reaches P.O. Reginald Chapman, of 86 Allington Street, Liverpool, Christmas will have passed, and golden-haired two-year-old Ann, his daughter, will be playing happily with the presents brought by Santa Claus.

But for Ann herself Christmas will be far from over. She will put an end to the festivities only when you, Reg., bring her the doll which you have promised.

"No toys, except the doll from her daddy, will ever satisfy Ann," her mother, Mrs. Eileen Chapman, told "Good Morning."

If you ever want a nickname for Ann, Reg., you cannot go better than call her "Smiler." Certainly no child ever laughs more, and it is a laugh that makes full use of joy and contentedness.

One day, when this affair is over and you are back home again, Reg., you are going to get a lot of pleasure out of Ann. That will be in the home which your wife is busily getting together. Just before Christmas, more furniture was on the way for your "nest."

Your wife and Ann, together with Mrs. Marney,

Thus the way was made easy for the slick individual who, without any other qualifications than a glib tongue, and minus all scruples, set himself up as a boxers' manager; and whilst he could certainly succeed in extracting more money from the promoter, he took good care to keep most of it for himself. The poor boxer had but exchanged the wolf for the shark, and was no better off.

LUCKY MEETING.

I will give just one example of the way the sharks used to work. The boxer in this case was a useful performer who had not realised his own worth. His manager had fixed him up with a contest in Belfast.

The payment, the manager told him, was £15 and two return tickets. The boxer won his contest and created a good impression.

Next morning he went for a walk whilst his manager was still in bed, and on his way back ran into the promoter. After telling him that he was pleased with the fight he put up, the promoter said, "If you come along with me to my office now I can give you your money."

"Right," said the boxer, and he went with the promoter. Imagine his astonishment when the promoter handed him £50.

He just took it with many thanks, and then went back to his manager and told him what he thought about him in no uncertain language.

But for the accidental meeting with the promoter he would have been given £15 less the manager's percentage and sundry expenses; and that sort of thing was rampant throughout the game.

It is a far cry to the days of Wonderland, when boxers could really box, and yet gained such small recompense for their skill. Grasping promoters gave way to thieving managers, and between them they have succeeded in killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

For a period, a number of second-rate performers have picked up sums (the mere mention of which would have turned the old Wonderland boxers giddy) for wearisome contests; but they have had their day. What is the result?

We have now reached the point when the boxing racket has nearly completed its act of committing suicide, and the sooner it dies the better.

Here is a chance for the amateurs. If the officials of the Amateur Boxing Association are wise they will prepare in good time for the tremendous revival in boxing that is almost certain to come at the end of the war.

If the demand is met, the public will support the amateur shows with its honest, whole-hearted boxing, and the sharks of the professional racket can stew in their own juice.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

FREMANTLE WAS A FLOP

WHEN the "Bolimba" neared Adelaide there was a ticket-inspection, but we were warned in time, and re-treated once more to our tank-tops. It was not so bad this time, as we had provided ourselves with bread and cheese, and a billy of cold tea to wash it down. After a couple of hours alongside the "Bolimba" sailed for Fremantle, and we crept out.

We had a dead smooth run across the Great Australian Bight. Day after day the pair of us sprawled on the bleached tarpaulin covering the hatch, soaking up the sun. By the time the Fremantle pilot-boat was sighted we felt as if we had been in the "Bolimba" all our lives. The prospect of returning to our pitch-dark hiding-place on the tank-tops made us almost indignant. However, it had to be done.

Hour after hour we lay in the musty blackness, waiting for the clank of the windlass picking up the anchor before going alongside. There was no sound but the ripple of the water against the ship's plates, plainly heard now that the engines had stopped. Every half-hour would come the faint tinkle of the wheelhouse bell, but so muffled that we could not make out the time. It became plain that things were not

Whenever the launch brought off any official-looking visitors the pair of us used to slide quietly into the scrub and lie doggo. No further cases of small-pox broke out, nor were there any more ticket-inspections. When the quarantine period came to an end we climbed into lighters again, and were taken to the landing stage.

the workroom of a shoemaker whom we had known in Melbourne, but the number of loose tacks scattered about promoted insomnia. Then we found some old tanks lying on the beach, half-buried in the sand. They were rusty, but watertight, and, with a few old sacks for bedding, made fairly snug quarters. There was plenty of driftwood to boil the tea billy

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART III

There the passengers had to pass through a narrow barrier, under the eyes of a group of hefty men with waxed moustaches. Parsons, actors, butchers, and jockeys all carry their trade in their face, but none more plainly than the detective. Young as I was, I could not mistake the profession of these strangers, who met each passenger with a cold stare from head to foot. They weighed each individual up deliberately, like a Frenchman picking out his supper from a tank of live trout.

The minute I saw them I knew that the game was up. I began to hang back from the barrier like a bullock from a slaughterhouse door. One of the detectives noticed my hesitation and shouted fiercely, "Come here, me lad! Yes, you with the red napper, I mean! What's your name?"

"Billy, sir."

"Where d'you come from?"

"Melbourne."

"Well, Billy, you'll have to step a bit more lively now you're in Western Australia!" He gave my ear a powerful twist.

"What you want, Billy, is a dose of salts! Scoot, William!" I rubbed my ear, and stepped into Fremantle a free man.

But that was the last of our good luck. Fremantle did not like us. And if a town does not like you, then leave it. The more towns I see, the more I know this is true. Some men never take a hint, but go on breaking their hearts in the same place. The town always wins. Such men are like bumblebees everlastingly bumping against a glass window instead of scouting about for some other way out.

We stayed in Fremantle three months. For a time we slept in

and cook our food—when we had any.

And going hungry is not as funny as winning a sweepstake. After a spell of it a man gets light-headed and dazed, just as if he had been taking dope. He is unable to plan out moves or think ahead. Even when a chance does break, the bounce has been knocked out of him, and he gets shouldered out of the way. Once, when my belly had been scratching my back-bone for three days, a sailor offered me a shilling to carry his sea-bag from his lodgings to his ship. I shouldered the bag and set off, but I was so weak that I went zigzagging from the pavement out into the roadway and back again. Saying that a young fellow ought not to be canned before the sun was over the yard-arm, the sailor caught hold of his bag and walked off.

Another night we were sitting in our water-tank when a party of seamen came and sat on the sand a few yards away, together with two girls from one of the shanties. They were all a few sheets in the wind, singing songs and shouting. By-and-by a rough-house started, and one of the men got laid out. I think he must have been hurt pretty badly, for the two girls ran away and the men sobered up at once. They bent over him for a while, talking in low voices, then put him on a plank and carried him off along the beach. As soon as they were out of sight Harry and I ran over to the scene of the fight. The sand was all kicked up, there were a few empty bottles, and lying there, shining in the moonlight, three golden sovereigns.

Ten minutes later we marched in through the front door of the eating-house, sat down, and ordered ham and six eggs each and a jug of coffee.

"I'll see the colour of your

QUIZ for today



1. A heronshaw is a kind of mangold, wooded slope, young heron, waterwheel, three-year-old salmon?
2. Who wrote (a) The Sea Lady, (b) A Sea Island Lady?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Chester, Carlisle, Cambridge, Biggleswade, Clacton, Cromer, Carshalton?
4. With what do you associate the name Carl Rosa?
5. What is the highest capital city in the world?
6. How long was Jonah inside the big whale?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Effectual, Elimental, Egoism, Elysium, Enthral, Emporium?
8. What was the colour of Queen Elizabeth's wedding dress?
9. What sporting implements are made of lignum vitae?
10. How many British ensigns are now in use, and what are their names?
11. What is the capital of British Guiana?
12. Of what nationality was Christopher Columbus?

Answers to Quiz in No. 290

1. Lizard.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) Kipling.
3. Fagin is a Dickens character; others are Shakespeare's.
4. Balaam.
5. Lance-Bombardier.
6. Indian figs.
7. Celibate, Cellulose.
8. "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"
9. 35 m.p.h., just before leaving water.
10. Sofia.
11. William Tell, off his son's head.
12. (a) Promenade Concerts, (b) Opera.

money first!" said the boss, getting between us and the door. Harry held up a sovereign.

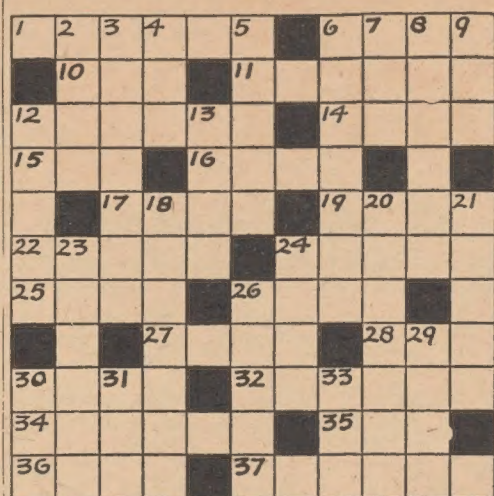
"Fried ham and six eggs twice!" the boss roared into the galley. "Jug of cawffee, steaming 'ot! And don't keep the gentlemen waiting!"

But that windfall did not last us long. When a man has had a spell on the floor he loses face, as the Chinamen say. Then, when any money comes along, it is only natural for him to spend high, wide and handsome to buy back his self-respect.

By the time we had been three months in Fremantle we were as parish-rigged a brace of ragamuffins as you could find in the whole of Australia. Thanks to our friend the cobbler, our boots still hung together, though patched and patched again, like a Dutchman's breeches. But our clothes were in rags from backside to breakfast-time, with Irish pennants fluttering in the breeze.

So at two o'clock one morning we crept up the gangway of the "Bothwell Castle" while the night watchman dozed in the

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Units of heat.
- 6 Lower jaw.
- 10 Chopping tool.
- 11 Prosper.
- 12 Token.
- 14 Notion.
- 15 Border.
- 16 Get for working.
- 17 Bassinet.
- 22 In quest of.
- 24 Revolt.
- 25 Mispronounce syllable.
- 26 Pet notions.
- 27 Leave out.
- 28 Little rascal.
- 30 Trees.
- 32 Dessert apple.
- 34 Strangers.
- 35 Consumed.
- 36 Provide.
- 37 Stage wear.

TWO NORMAN

ARUM WEAKEN
NATION KIWI
PINK WEM G
T NEATH BAH
HUG P ADOPT
AS TITLE R
MUTE RECTOR
ERRATA IONA
SEE HILDA C
REPEL EDDY

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Vigorous.
- 3 Makes free.
- 4 Colour.
- 5 Vapour.
- 6 Cowered.
- 7 Concealed.
- 8 Requite.
- 9 Climbing plant.
- 12 Small bottle.
- 13 Tackle.
- 18 Placed.
- 20 Liquor.
- 21 Dozed.
- 23 Conclusion.
- 24 Speed.
- 26 Earliest.
- 29 Encounter.
- 30 Lout.
- 31 Family.
- 33 Horse.

Short odd—But true

Diabolo, a game not much played these days, had an extraordinary vogue at the beginning of the century, and won for itself the honour of an article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. It was played with a double-cone shaped top, which was spun and tossed by means of a string joining the ends of two sticks which the player held. Practised players could throw the top to house-top height and catch it again on the string.

The Apocrypha are Hebrew writings not regarded as canonical by the Jews, and only as historical records by the Protestant Churches, but received by the Roman Catholics. The term applies mainly to additional Old Testament books, though there are some Christian writings of the same character.

The books of the Apocrypha include Esdras, Tobit, Judith, Esther (chapters x to xvi), Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, Song of the Three Holy Children, Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and Maccabees (1 and 2).

galley, and sneaked into the bunks. Lying hid among the coal was none too comfortable, but it was a feather bed compared with the "Bolimba's" tank-tops. Not long after she was under way I started wriggling to find an easier position. There was a rattle of shifting coal, and I went shooting downward, sitting on a small avalanche. A trimmer stared into the bunker, holding a colza lamp above his head, saw me, and called the engineer.

(To be continued)

"Utopia" was the name given by Sir Thomas More to a book outlining his social and political ideals. More was Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII, a monarch he served faithfully, and who executed him none the less.

By dead languages is meant those tongues which are no longer spoken but are preserved in literature, such as ancient Greek and Roman.

Dagger-ale was a liquor sold in the 16th century at the sign of "The Dagger" in Holborn, a London house used by the gallants of the time.

Fire-damp has nothing to do with humidity or moisture, but is a poisonous vapour met with in mines and often the cause of explosions.

Some of the Christian saints met horrible deaths. St. Lawrence was broiled on a gridiron; St. Catherine died on a wheel like that of a chaff-cutter; St. Sebastian was shot with arrows; St. Adrian, adopted by the brewers of Flanders as their patron, was beheaded after having his limbs severed on an anvil.

WANGLING WORDS—246

1. Put some hair in DISED and make it troubled.
2. Rearrange the letters of ONE SOLID LAMB to make a fish dish (two words).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HAWK into BIRD, MARE into PONY, SICK into DIET, FOOT into MILE.
4. Make two more seven-letter words from the letters in CROESUS.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 245

1. BloomS.
2. ROAST TURKEY.
3. LONE, LONG, SONG, SONS, SOUS, SOUR, SOAR, STAR.
4. CURE, CARE, BARE, BALE, BALL, BELL, WELL, LATE, DATE, DARE, BARE, BARD, BIRD.
5. GREY, PREY, PRAY, DRAY, DRAT, DOAT, BOAT, BOOT, FOOT, FORT, FORE, MORE, MARE.
6. CREATED, CATERED.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Over eager, Pirbright, that's your trouble—over eager!"

going according to plan, and we began to get frightened. At last we could stand it no longer and sneaked out on deck.

Harry and I were not the only ones to be scared. The passengers stood about in little groups, white-faced and talking in low voices. Their bundles and bags were piled beside them, although we were still anchored far out from the town. From time to time they stared up nervously at something drooping from the foreyard like a shirt made fast to a clothes-line by a single peg. Occasionally a puff of air would set it flapping sluggishly, revealing the hated plague flag, with its black and yellow chequers.

One of the sailors told me the meaning of that signal, and even to-day the sight of the code-flag L makes me shiver as some men do at a snake.

Suddenly the purser came hurrying from the direction of the captain's cabin. The "Bolimba" had not been plague-stricken after all, I found. A case of small-pox had been discovered among the cabin passengers, and we were all to go into quarantine for fourteen days.

I was greatly relieved at this, having met a man in Echuca who had suffered from small-pox. Apart from the fact that his features looked like a well-worn dart-board, he had not seemed much the worse for the experience.

We were all piled into lighters and towed off to the quarantine station at Rottnest Island. Tents had been brought out to house the passengers, and we passed a very pleasant fortnight loafing about, eating, smoking and swimming.

JANE



YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOT EVERYTHING TAPED, BOLONEY!— WHY ARE WE GOING TO LONDON?—AND WHERE DO WE STAY WHEN WE GET THERE?



SURE 'TIS EASIER FOR MAN AND WIFE TO LIVE APART IN TOWN THE WAY YOU WANT IT, AND I'M AFTER THINKING YOU'D BETTER STAY AT THE KEYHOLE CLUB—

—WHERE YE'LL FIND CUSTOMERS FOR MY WARES...

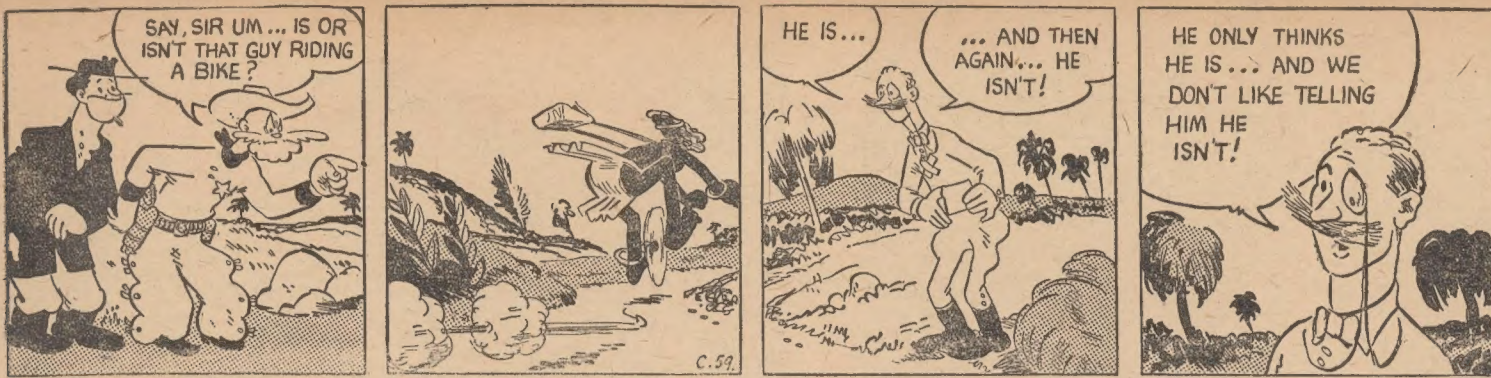


YOU'RE VERY SURE OF MY SALESMANSHIP!— BUT WHAT IS THIS BUSINESS OF YOURS?



OCH!— 'TIS IN THE BAG, MAVOURNEEN!

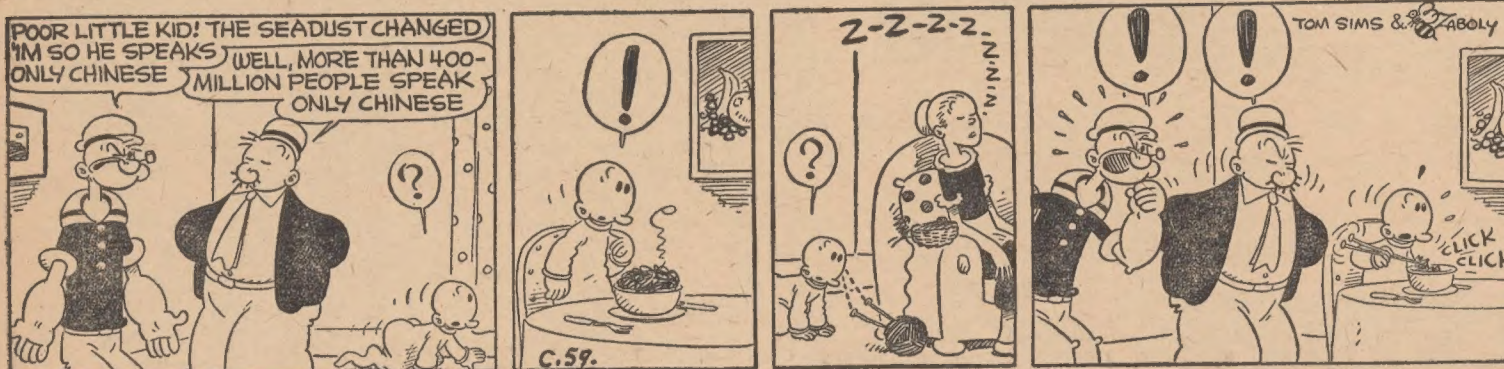
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



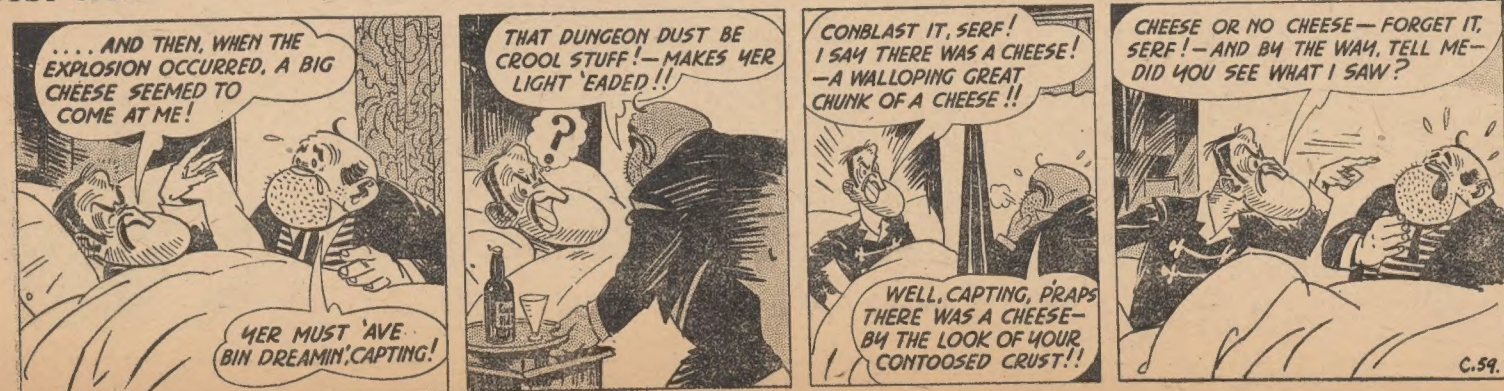
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

BRINGING UP CHILDREN.

AS things are, the more of the State and the less of the parents the better. Most parents think they are good for their children. I see little ground for this assumption. Just look at the parents and the world we have made. Do you really want our children to be like us? Any parent with an ounce of humility would hold himself up as a warning rather than an example.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

CANADA TO-DAY.

OF Canada's total population, 30 per cent. are French, 20 per cent. German, Scandinavian, Ukrainian, Polish, Italian, Chinese and the like; and 50 per cent. British—that is, Irish and Scots as well as English. In other words, half the Canadian population has no roots in Britain and no *a priori* impulses of loyalty or duty towards her. All are human beings and all are Canadians. All this is not to deny or decry the very real ties of friendship which exist. In this war the evidence is ever before our eyes. But it is urgently important for the British not to oversimplify the situation, and to assess it realistically.

Basil Wright.

POST-WAR GERMANY.

IT is essential that the people living in that part of Europe now known as Germany shall be prevented from continuing to use the discoveries of science to prepare for another war, and yet they must be allowed and indeed encouraged to rebuild their country and their domestic industries in such a manner as to ensure a prosperous and happy population free from those grievances which may rankle in the minds of every citizen of a conquered nation and so breed the craving for revenge.

Norman Sheldon.

NOT ONLY THE NAZIS.

MORE important than gibbets hung with Nazis is to get rid of the industrial and financial leaders who paid the Nazis, who inspired the Nazis, who used the Nazis, and were rewarded by them.

Sir Charles Trevelyan.

THE GERMAN CHILDREN.

ONE of our best hopes in the post-war future lies in the re-orientation of the child education in Germany to a point other than the purpose of waging war. . . . Our aim must be to prevent the German General Staff planning another war through the manipulation of its willing youth. I believe that our forces of occupation with their women auxiliaries will come to give a practical demonstration of English ideals to German youth and a better way of life.

Lady Apsley, M.P.

RUSSIA TO-DAY.

THE Soviet people of to-day trouble little about ideology and doctrine. While remaining, of course, convinced Socialists, they do not look and do not need to look at things only through the spectacles of a definite and precisely defined political conception, as they did in the recent past. They are much more realistic; they are concerned less with theories and much more with practical results and achievements. They are in the first place good Russian patriots; only in the second place are they Bolsheviks.

E. Taborsky.

"ARRANGED" MARRIAGES.

THE exceptional proportion of successful and happy marriages among Jews and the fact that their family life is renowned for its peaceful and harmonious relation between parents and children may be ascribed to some extent to their age-old custom of letting parents advise and help in choosing the marriage partner. Of course, mutual attraction must be the foundation of the marriage. These "arranged" marriages, as they are sometimes disparagingly designated, were often remarkably successful, because the wisdom and experience of the older generation were able to save the young and infatuated person from marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.

Augusta Landman.

WANTED—BETTER M.P.s.

MOST of us, if not all of us, deprecate wealth having a greater influence than ability. . . . It should be made much easier for Members of Parliament who are less wealthy than others to have the opportunity of representing constituents in the House. I would like candidates to be more independent of outside influences, in order that they may be chosen for their character and ability alone.

Sir Douglas Hacking, M.P.

"ROOT CAUSE" OF WAR.

WARS we should know by this time, solve no problems, are specifically the result of our failure to solve problems. . . . The root causes of the war lie not only in the barbaric character and aims of the enemy, but just as significantly in the system of economic nationalism, imperialism and exclusiveness we allowed to develop against our better judgment, because we tried to evade the private class and national sacrifice an effective international settlement would entail.

Brian Penton.

Good Morning



This England

Bright sunshine, but heavy clouds tell of approaching rain.
The village of East Quantoxhead, Somerset.



"Glad you're not a racehorse, Mother. I like the protection of a really comfortable person, you know."

I WON'T
WALK THIS
WAY WHEN
I'M A
MANNEQUIN



UTILITY

"Well, if I can't use my toes for walking on just yet, I might just as well use them as toys."



THAT'S WHAT WE CALL "DOG-TIRED"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Caught napping, huh?"

